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ENDOR



COVER DESIGN by emil nolde,
"The Prophet," is a woodcut made
by the German artist in 1912.

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eli schwartz

KING SAUL COMES TO ENDOR

Old King Saul
Called...
Cold comfort, he got
From the witch
And Samuel
Reluctantly drawn from Shiloh.

One young Saul
Called...
Lutemen and pipers
Rallied the tribes.

Young King Saul
Called for
Captains and bowmen...
A great shout rose from
The hosts
Of Israel.

Old King Saul
Bravely went to battle
Foreknowing defeat.

Proud King Saul
Had a gloomy old soul.

jane s. liechty

NONCONFORMIST

From within the brightness of the room,
I can discern figures
In the Night beyond the window.
Only the shadow of myself enables me
To see without;
All else is reflection.

Let that which is external
Remain so; it shall not affect my life
Or my words.
My own mind borders my life,
My own Muse--
Farther I cannot go.
This must be.

"If we are true to the
largest measure of understanding,
we need not fail."

--Paul B. Sears

jack r. ruhf

OLD POET

There in the mirror
the scars of one life's bitter war.
Pockmarked, drawn, the face
that keeps stony silence through the trial--
The withered shock of hair,
The pimple on the nose,
The mouth that needs a metal brace
to smile--
Old and sagging face,
What ruin has beset you?

But what light still burns through these eyes.
Miracle of unwavering blue,
Untouched by grave humiliations
of flesh--
How straight on target
you have held your gaze,
Cold, remorseless orbs!

How can this old man rely on you,
Uncloven centers of pure blue?

henry w. enberg

SEARCH

When love is cold, the lonely heart feels warm
And sheltered by the glass of outward show...
A glass that only shows you painted truth...
The truth that shields weak souls from easy harm.
Vague words about my mundane pen still swarm,
Too clear when vaguer thoughts are all I know...
I seek a youngness not defined as youth,
A nature lacking living's false alarm.

I've heard it said that love is what you see
The best when it is gone; the worst when here.
And so three statements tell me what I believe:
I cannot love if love is ever free;
I cannot think the truth, life is too dear;
My only choice in life is...life to leave.

david m. green

THREE PURBLIND MYCE

(A moste fantastick allegorie,
by the Rt. Hon. Edmund Spenser, poete.)

Whylome there were three silly hurtlesse myce
Whose eyen smalle were doomd to chearlesse night.
For lothsome blindnesse strake the movse-brood thryce
Since first they were on liue. Ne hadde the light
Of glowing Phoebvs euer thrilld their sight,
Nor Cynthia's darts yperced in their myndes.
Of them the eldest was Tenebris hight,
The others, Noxamat and Lvxrapines.
In gastly mew they wonned, hid from chilly wynds.

One day, all weary of their yrksome denne,
Abroad they traueild, seeking warmth of Svnne,
And eke of cates to robbe uaine greedie menne,
That slake for grvdging hvnger might bee wonne.
Bvt shorte way hadde they blyndered when there rvnne
An Hare beside them. They grew faynt thereatte
And griesly horror their frayle limbs did stvnne.
Their dazed braynes fvll weening itt a catte
They gan to flye more swift than angry dame can chatte.

Now as they ran abowte and waxed wood,
A fermer's wyfe came tryppinge o'er the playne,
All dight in newly-boughten snowie hoode
And robe of linen, died deepe in graine.
From fayre she came, whence shee hadde gone to gayne,
From sayle of egges, meate for her lvsty make,
Sawe that to passe the draper's gave her payne,
Wherefore not meate but cloths shee home did take,
And eke a litle tranchand blade for safetie's sake.

When they her heauie paces heard foreby,
The myce withe heare vpstanding quickly red
That atte her heeles did smalest davnger ly,
And otherwhere they were most svrely ded.
Thereon, within her tracs they strait were fled,
And breathed prayres the catte wold soone bee gone.
Just then the Dame (hight Donna) tvrned her hed,
And looking downward vttered mighty mone
And trembled to the bloody marrow of her bone.

With horrid yelle shee now distraite the ayre,
As dragon wounded in the heate of stryfe,
Shee leapt, shee flappt her armes, shee tore her heare,
And screecht like worn bagpipe or cracked fyfe.
The myce straitway sqveekd sadde farewells to lyfe
And prayd to die that they might scape svch brvit.
The fearsome dame, meanwhyle, drew ovt her knyfe
And with ~~a~~ motion stern and resolyte
Shee chopt each naked trayne offe at its qviuering roote.

From gaping wovnds the cole-blacke blood ran forth
And staynd, in alle, a mighty inche of grovnde.
The Dame, agast, fledde shrieking to the Northe,
Till farthest distaunce hidde her frightfvlle sovnde
And on the playne fayre silence lay arovnd.
The myce, from whom, alas! no tayles depende,
At laste awoke them from their deadly swovnd,
And movrnfvly their waye did homeward tinde,
Forlorn and sore and hvngry, wreckt at either ende.

robert a hansen

A CASK OF BRANDY

The hands of the clock were vertical and it was midnight, just as it had been eleven, and ten before that. I knew...I had been watching the hands crawl from each hour to the next.

At nine I had called Verna to ask her to go bowling Wed., but had been guttered by the noble institution of the Christmas party. This one was sponsored by her principal and all the teachers had to make an appearance, including my teacher love.

It was because of another Christmas party that I had called her this Monday night. I had wanted her to go to a normal party that Saturday night, but her sorority was having a Christmas party that same weekend and she was leaving for it on Friday. That ruled out Friday night. I had to photograph a Christmas party on the next Wednesday, so I couldn't ask her to go bowling then.

I made a mental note to hate all Christmas parties.

So there I had sat since nine watching the clock and drinking brandy. At first the level in the bottle had slowly dropped with the turning of the hands of the clock. Only now I was no longer drinking it slowly. It was going down shot glass by shot glass. The bottle seemed to be emptying faster than my spirits. The result was that soon after midnight, the brandy was gone.

At this stage, I would normally have been drowsy, but I wasn't. Instead I was looking for still more of the amber liquid. Verna had been forgotten. All attempts at work had been forgotten. In fact everything except the thought of brandy had left my head. I invisioned casks of it just aging in a cool, dark cellar.

When this thought had reached the stage of an obsession I began thinking that maybe there was someplace I could find such a cask of brandy. Then the idea hit me. What fun it would be to just have a cask to myself. I could even go swim-

ing in it if I wanted. They must be big enough for that.

But where could I find a brandy distillery? They just didn't exist in this part of the country. Then I remembered. I had seen what looked like a distillery when I had been driving the past weekend. I had been wandering around the countryside with Verna trying to buy Christmas presents.

In five minutes I had my coat on and was starting the car. In another ten I was cruising down the highway or at least I must have been, I had no memory of it. In an hour I was there. Yes, there it was, across the road under a clump of trees. I could just about see the sign over the door. The top half had long since rotted away, but the bottom was still legible after all these years: "Fine Liquors and Brandies."

I shut off the motor and approached the building on foot. It was brick, a memory of the pre-Prohibition glory of the area. Now, nothing but a crumbling ruin remained. I walked around trying the doors, all of which seemed to be either locked or jammed. Finally I discovered a window whose latch had long since rusted through which yielded to my hand.

Once inside, I quickly made my way through the first floor without finding anything of interest, 'til I found a staircase leading downward into the black depths. The stairs were almost rotted through but I never really noticed. I merely continued on my way, plunging down into the depths with a flashlight piercing the black wall ahead.

The first room appeared to be nothing but a general utility room so I walked onward into the blackness. Several more rooms were passed through, each the same as the first. Then I came to it. A large vault opened itself before me. It seemed to stretch for miles further than my light could reach until I looked closer. It was empty. There was not a single cask to be seen. But maybe I was jumping to conclusions. There must be at least one here. I hadn't seen all of it.

I began walking down the vast cavern flashing the light every which way. Ever hoping to find something. Ever looking into darkened corners. When I had almost reached the end I saw it. There, completely forgotten, tucked away in a

remote corner, was an immense cask.

Why it was still there with all the other casks gone I didn't know. But perhaps it was too large to move. This didn't bother me as much as the thought: "Was it full? And if so, full of what?"

Quickly I scrambled up the platform, shined the light in and inhaled. Yes, it was full, and the first whiff told me what of -- brandy.

I needed no second invitation. Here was my cask of brandy. It was just sitting there for me, and indeed it was large enough to swim in. I didn't wait to take my clothes off. I merely ran to the edge of the platform and dove. The cold brandy hit my face with an icy slap. I could smell it. I could feel it. I could sense it seeping into my pores. I could drink it. I could forget everything. I could lose myself in the intoxicating effect of the liquid.

Item: Bethlehem Globe-Times; Saturday, December 26th:

Lehigh student found drowned in an abandoned distillery on Christmas day.

Allen Robinson, of New York, a senior at Lehigh University was found dead yesterday morning in an abandoned distillery on the Delaware River drowned in a rain barrel. Robinson had been missing since the evening of December 7th.

Medical authorities upon examining the body said cause of death was unquestionably drowning but said they couldn't find the amount of water in the victim's lungs which should have been there from the contents of the barrel. Rather, the lungs appeared to contain a large amount of brandy.

ron levin

SATURATION

I am a dull, gray wall,
Bespattered with instructive mud...

I sing of England till the lyrics sour,
And my thoughts descend from their ivory tower.
My mind is opened and ramrod-fed
With dainty words from anthologies bled.

Donne shows me passion measured by angles;
Pepys in public his private life dangles;
Shelley shrieks, Crashaw confesses;
Spenser loves the girl with the gold wyre tresses;
Johnson slams the privy door;
His Boswell nurses a nose that's sore;
Blake converses with a child in the sky;
Wordsworth falls twitching at the sight of a fly.
Have they no feelings, have they no pride,
These men who display their lunatic side?
Your skepticism is pleasing, Walter H. Pater;
Would that God saved you first, the Queen sometime later.
Muses are invoked till poets they eschew,
Pleading, "Don't call us--we'll call you."
Still, uninspired, the words egressed,
And, back against the wall, I bared my breast.
My motto unfurls: "The quantity's the thing!"
Open wide, say "Ah"--down goes Lear the King.
Alas, culture seeps through, and my taste higher reaches,
And Browning's now Robert, not Daddy and Peaches.
From Beowulf to Sheridan to Evers to Chance:
Survey it all--why be thorough? Advance!
I sing of England, my voice grows thick:
I sing of England. I choke. I am sick.



Transformation of Faustus.....william a cook

william a cook

TRANSFORMATION OF FAUSTUS

Every dream reflects its own soul,
A lone soul inhabits a single dream;
And one by one they wandering listless
Intrude upon the sleeping self
Till each mirage scuttles before
The inner eye sweeping away the mist,
Disclosing the horrid, naked, all-revealing
Truth of self--before subdued in laughter and song.

Whirling madly in mystic colors
Myriads of mirrors of selves upon selves flash
And scream above the din of thundering glass
And new-born eyes: "See! See!
I am life! I am unhid! I am!
Look at me--why fear you?"
But the eyes will not see...

Hands limp crawl cringingly over the sands
Of the face to cover the bulging dunes
That stare maniacally in the white light;
Sweat trickles over the rigid contours;
Nails dig into the flesh;
The mouth drops open--set in horrid grimace.

The monotonous drone of known infinities
Of unendurable anguish without compensation
Of the Almighty Presence to soften the wound,
Rebounds from the cancered soul raising
Warts of burnt flesh to bubble on the countenance,
Twisting the magnificent features of human perfection
Into a gargoyled monstrosity squirming upon the earth.

When of a sudden the breast swells pregnant;
Flesh rents asunder, spurting forth
With unquenchable stench a seared soul
Upon the immaculate white sand of time...
And all is still. Then bursts
A silent shriek from this dead mouth
Enveloping eternities in its despair:
"My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!"

Then mirrors of the past spin wildly
Before the heart and in knowledge self
Seeks oblivion. Reflections return
The wanton despair that sought in self
The God it would not have, and found
Therein an altar to build to Beelzebub...
"Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damned!"

jonathan b elkus

THE FUTILITY OF JAZZ:

a dissenting opinion

We like jazz because it is a constant source of musical novelty; we readily appreciate it because it is simple and we prefer it when it seems intense or "dynamic". Jazz is ephemeral because it is (or is usually held to be) the transient "expression" of its performer-improvisers; it is simple in that it is terribly repetitious in its structure, yet its "dynamic" intensities of speed (fast, slow, or moderate), volume and chordal formations seem somehow to compensate for its inevitable and busy tedium.

Jazz is seldom intricate; it is nearly all predicated on the 32-measure, single-key, 4-beat idiom of show and dance music composed by popular writers during the first half of this century -- and jazzmen have, largely, had to accept this formal straight jacket as jazz itself is really a sort of committee project involving the imagination (fantasy), technical skill, sensitivity and ensemble "fair play" of each of the members, subject often to stylistic arbitration by an arranger, a leader or both.

In improvisation there must be a common basis between the improviser(s) and the sustaining instruments, and it is thus that a jazzman from Eastman may participate without rehearsal in a session in Easton and know just how to proceed when told that next on the agenda is (for instance) Stardust -- viz., n 32-bar choruses of the Stardust sequence of chords which are in or are peripheral to the key of Db, played at whatever level of dissonance for which the pianist may have predilection and at a regular pulse sustained by the rhythm section at a speed defined by whoever kicks off the ensemble. Certainly, a better example of musical form following function can scarcely be imagined.

Now it is the formal aspect of jazz, not its function (to

provide a means of enjoyment and/or employment to its performers, promoters and enthusiasts, and -- yes -- to provide accompaniment for dancing), which I find wanting in interest.

To begin with, the key of most every tune, both standard and original, is constant; Stardust, for instance, first appeared in print in the key of Db as the melody was thought by the composer or the publisher to lie best for most singers in that key. One never improvises on Stardust in any other key since everyone who plays jazz has "grown up" with it in Db.

Secondly, jazz is structurally akin to the time-honored procedure of successive variation -- here, successive melodic variations played singly or together over repetitions of the given chordal progression of 32-measures* (in the musicologist's terms, "variations over a harmonic cantus firmus" -- and jazz, which clamors for, and has often achieved academic recognition, does indeed now have musicological apologists of sorts). Jazz, then, can be described as "varied repetition" -- but what is varied? Always the melody -- rarely the rhythm, never the basic incidence of beat, the chords nor, as has been shown, the key (tonality); n number of choruses, then, same beat, same chords, same key.

In the beginning when jazz was stylistically based on street marches, there was much more variety than in later improvisations on show tunes, for the marches changed key (generally adding a flat) on the third melodic strain ("trio") and often there was a contrast between keys of both major and minor modes during the course of the piece. Moreover, there was more melodic content upon which to improvise -- at least three additional melodic strains. Although it is in a sense unjust to predicate criticism on the classic age of any

* In blues (two of the notable exceptions being St. James Infirmary Blues and Birth of the Blues), the choruses are 12 measures in length or are in multiples of 12.

art, one feels a sustained amazement at the contrapuntal tightness and rhythmic resourcefulness of the ragtime musicians, particularly the pianists, and it is a pity that this fine phenomenon was somehow or another a casualty of the Great War.

Naturally, it is fine to see after some 250 years of decline and dormancy a return to the musical scene of the composer-performer-improviser (even if many of his improvisations are in fact the memorized and perfected result of long hours of trial and error by the musician in his practice studio). Improvisation per se demands such skill, lightning finesse and constant absorption in the music as it unfolds as has been virtually impossible to attain through most established musical curricula since the end of the eighteenth century, and to quite the extent that the conservatories have made themselves exclusive toward the performer-improviser have many influential jazzmen attempted with more than equal success to found a vinyliteville of exclusive tradition with the aim of capturing the intellectual and "letting him in on" an ethereal of "real feeling", "spontaneous sound" and like nonsense.

Since improvisatory skill can be enjoyed at one level or another by most anyone, let us now pinpoint the inane question often propounded by some otherwise fairly sensible people, "Why not 'bridge the gap' between jazz and 'serious' music?" As if there were a dichotomy at all! Music is organized sound, and whether it is organized by a mind in solitude on paper and subsequently realized in sound or whether it is organized on the spot by a performer or a panel of contributing performers makes no difference at all. All music is serious, too, whether its expressive intent (affect) is to be "bouyant", "tragic", "sentimental", "flippant" or the like. The real dichotomy seems to be a stylistic or idiomatic one apparently unresolved among jazzmen themselves -- the two sides of that nebulous line which divides that which is written out on paper (or merely sketched or chorded) and that which is improvised.

Improvisation, then, is the only idiomatic element in the whole jazz complex which is typically exclusive to jazz; thus, the "gap" indicated merely a difference in compositional procedure. Those who would argue that jazz now has rhythmic and melodic traits, chordal styles and instrumental effects of its own and exclusive to it must be told simply and firmly that contemporary jazz is rather a collage concocted by its composer-arrangers who have nibbled vulture-like at the skins of most every well-known sacred cow of musical tradition from the time of Machaut (via Stravinsky) through the ages of Bach, Debussy, and Bartok (for instance). Even the procedure of improvisation itself, as has been said, came to jazz in a sense by default.

And in return? Nothing -- save as a basis for distortion of its own image by way of some delicious and devastating jazz pieces by Stravinsky, Milhaud, Walton and Weill, highly sophisticated of course since they are parodies on parody.

Now my point is this: jazz will never capture the intellectual -- particularly the musical intellectual -- except as a novel diversion or sedative as long as jazz remains structurally small. Since musical intellectuals particularly are seldom self-styled connoisseurs of performers (they are, properly, more interested in what is being played than in the manifold artistic caprices of the executants) a few of the more interesting choruses of jazzmen x, y and z will suffice quite nicely as epitome for these listeners. Jazz must learn to develop and expand qualitatively -- to worry less about cross-rhythms, irregular metric schemes, "loaded" chords (usually housebroken similarities to some famous ones which Stravinsky wrote over 50 years ago), counterpoint, pointilistic instrumental effects and the 12-tone row, which tend to become mere devices in the hands of jazzmen who generally show little conviction and even less art when it comes to forcing such procedures into "their" idiom -- and to concern itself with the vast and enlarging possibilities of modulation (changing key) and the resulting manifold and epic tonal re-

relationships thereby implied. The changing of key provides a base for a return to the original; it renders a composition unfinished until toward the end (procedurally, 32-bar non-modulating jazz is finished at the end of the first chorus -- the rest is additive and relevant only in that it is essentially repetitious), and provides a structural quality from which musical largesse, integrity, and inevitability may be achieved. Further, there is no reason why improvisation is at all incompatible with interior changes in key and developmental modulation; the third 8 of a 32-bar chorus, called the bridge, is generally modulatory in character and should this procedure be extended to (let us say) 17, 31, or 58 measures, jazz might become formally worthwhile.

Interest in music arises from the quality of its inexorable unfolding and conclusion in the temporal dimension; jazz (fast and slow, hot and cool, bad and good) has attempted to mitigate its tonal repetitiousness largely by means of dynamic energy. But as someone has said, there is a vast difference between energy and vitality.

bruce kirkham

A DISH OF FOULENTLES

Avaunt ye devils, forward comes the sphere!
The sextant turns and leaves us babbling.
The trees in the moonlight shed their murky sustenance,
the gremlins leave and squiggle when they gire;
who kens what evil lurks in the drams of sack?
It passes, but ne'er turns aside its head.
The wumpus screams, its mouth is full of blood.
If only men knew how they ran and leapt.
If only others tried and failed and scrome.
Enough, the slakethirst muse has cried "Enough!"
Until the spires in turn begin to quake,
the streets lie empty, filled with naught but savagery,
the tremblins sit and wait the furious dawn.
The chair now shakes and chills, and then is gone.
Avaunt ye demons! now the sphere.....retires.

henry w. enberg

IN MEMORY OF JOHN WESLEY GRACE

as when the bullfrog croaks from wuth'ring bogs
or yellow-bellied bird sad mem'ries jogs
so sing i now of sleep of heroes brave
exhausted by the weight of problems grave
which trouble minds beguiled by life below
from wrestling with man's ancient evil foe

the name of this foul fiend i short will tell
but first upon those orbs of sight the well
we must engrave full clear the heroic scene
wherein we find our heroes fair and clean
prepar'd to meet their makers with bright souls
refreshed by nectar from the brown-rimmed bowls

they slump, they stretch, they snore, they sprawl, i wretch
to note the weakness of my freehand sketch
to catch such fetching, touching, unroused men
disposed as here in fairest bethlehem
the home of steel and bach and ~~over~~ all smoke
so beauteous at the sigh the aesthetes choke

but leave the scene and of the secret truth
as from decanter of the best vermouth
we must remove the flavored, scented cork
so ope the spirit, here 'tis work
that flags the body, from the mind
the essence takes, leaves but the grind

the grind, i say, who studies day and night
and loses, as it were, the glorious fight
the winners of which on the couches blue
and green and black and red--you name the hue--
do rest and from a passer ever scrounge
a weed for victors in valhalla's lounge.

poems by sam miller

LITTLE THINGS

I speak to the future,
To future years and future people.
I give you warning,
Though you will not heed it.
I give you peace,
Though you will not know it.
I give you love,
Though you will pervert it.

I will speak on life,
Like truth, it is a dream,
It is a terribly beautiful dream,
And it is truth.

Here is a bill,
It might be a grocery bill,
Or a bill from the candy store,
But it is a bill of sins. Here, read it.

.20
.05
.27
.36
.25
1.35
.20
.29
.33
.16

This bill covers the time of
Three hours.
This the price of Little Things.

twenty
two

FROM A TRAIN

A little lane skipped
Along our track,
It turned away
And then came back.
It met a house
And went around the other way,
It met a road,
And settled down again.
In a snowy wood it curved,
And on the other end returned.
Through rolling fields it jumped and swerved,
Flashed under and dashed away.

SNOW

In the night so deep
A falling snow is
Calling softly for a wind.

Falling in a city street,
Falling in a leafless wood,
Calling softly for a wind.

Falling snow, as children sleep,
Sound of falling snow
Calling softly, softly for a wind.

jane s liechty

HURT

words
which cannot bite or pierce
or tear for relief

words which lie,
a leaden sphere,
in that vital hollow of my
body and my soul--

dully burning

not exploding--

just a heavy hardened fist
suddenly expanding
within my love

jerry hedges

ADAM RESURRECTUS US

It is the quiet time of afternoon,
When autumn rain drips softly on the leaves.
God walks abroad with silent loving tread
To view His creatures in their hour of thought.
He made the rain to soothe His troubled earth
And wash away the stains of woe and sin,
Which Man has mixed and made with care and love,
And smeared upon his heaving carnal breast.
The living waters purge the fearful blot
Of evil; Man, like Neptune from the depths,
Arises, casting holy fire to all the shores of earth,
And walks again upon the land which God has made.
To Eden still must Adam go again,
To claim the home which never Sin must know.
God's grace has washed him of his horrid stain,
And cleansed him of his soul-consuming woe.

bruce kirkham

ONE CAN BEAR ANYTHING

"They're depressed like the others were, not that it makes any difference. Swastikas, hammer and sickles, or nothing at all, it's all the same. Last time it was names like Von Schmidt and Hoffman. I don't know the names of these, but the faces are the same. The same leer, the same quiet voices telling me to relax and breathe deeply. That's one thing I can say for them this time, they gave me some sort of gas. There wasn't any of that 'weakness' in the old days.

"They said relax but I was too smart for them. I don't know what kind of gas it was but it probably was some kind of truth gas or something. The others had been just plain physical about it. No gas, no nothing, just talk. They began with wheedling. When I didn't give them the answers they wanted, the prying voices became shouts and screams. Then the punching and slapping began. Then the beatings with the piece of rubber hose filled with shot and all the other perfections they had developed as speech aids. Pain never loosens my tongue, it tightens it.

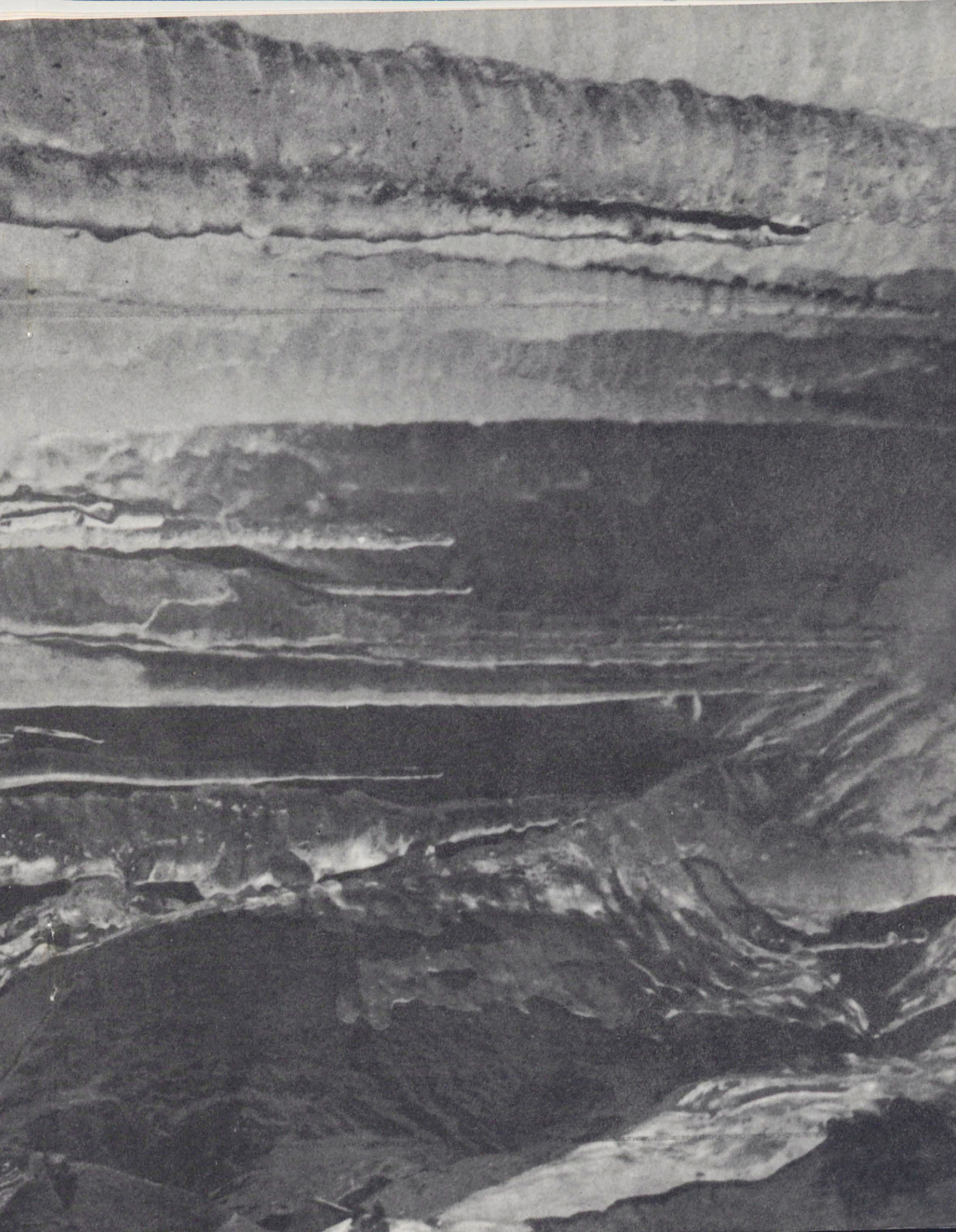
I guess this is what twelve years has brought. I knew how to fight the old methods. Rene and Paul and all the others never came back to tell me, but I knew. I can't figure them out this time though. They didn't start with the beatings or even the slimy words, but they've got me tied down. They said it's because I'm violent. That's probably because they've never met a woman like me before. Their women are supposed to be as good if not better than we are at this sort of thing but we've got the experience that they can never learn from books and lectures. You have to live through the bombs and the pain and the hunger and the fear to be able really to take it. I did.

"They can tie me down, but they can't make me breathe their gas. They held that mask over my face until I thought I was gone, and I guess they did too, but I can still hear them talking. I wish they'd talk a little louder. I can't quite hear what they're saying.

"Damn!!! They've started. I don't remember feeling This way before. It must be one of their new methods. It feels like they're stretching me on a rack like the one I once saw in a museum. They said they wanted to help me... Help me? A few more pains like that and they'll kill me. Even if they do kill me I'll never ~~tell~~ them what it is they want to know. I don't understand it. I don't hear the questions. Maybe it's subliminal or something like that where you have no... No! God! That was worse than the last one. The Spanish used to use a rack like this. They'd tie you to it and stretch you until all your bones were tight and then snap them with a flick of a little steel rod. I hope it isn't... Christ! That was worse yet ... They seem to be stepping up the speed. I know I'm not telling them. I couldn't be. How could I? No questions, no answers, it's as simple as that. I don't think I'm tel... Oh Mother of God, they're cutting me.. I can feel it.. They're slashing at me... gas or no gas I can... Oh holy Mother of God, they're ripping me apart... I'm going to die! I know I am. I can't stand this... I won't tell, do you hear? I won't tell... Oh you bastards... Holy Christ, you bastards... you rotten stinking foreign bastards, BASTARDS, BASTARDS!

The severed cord, the slap, the cry, and it was over.





brian skyrms

THOUGHTS

'God is dead.' thus spake Zarathrusta.
Is this the babble of a fool,
Or do these words echo
in full significance
Through a generation of hollow men?

The people are chanting.
The people are always chanting.
And there is an inner chant, a
And an outer chant.

Once the inner chant and the outer chant
Were both Christ - God - Yahweh, protector of Mt. Sinai
And God was all, in the Heart, and the Hand,
And the Mind of the Pious.

God was the pulse of life.
God was the animator.

That day is past.

The outer chant is still of God; but the chanters have changed. They are no longer apostles and saints. A new trinity is born.

Oral Roberts

A. A. Allen Father Divine

Christianity hits the spot.
12 Apostles; That's a lot!
Father, Son and Holy Ghost...
"Pass the offering plate; support
the Church of the Air."

And that great purveyor of:
peace of mind
business success
sexual compatibility
...and all with flashcards of the Psalms
Norman Vincent Peale

"Step right up folks - Get your Instant God
right here. Even a child can do it.

The reason for the perversion of the overt chant of the
nation lied deep within the insides of man. The basic
motivating forces - the world view - the Zeitgeist - have
changed.

The inner voice now chants a new Liturgy .
It ~~is~~ longer chants of Christ
or God
or Yahweh, protector of Mt. Sinai

It chants the Marlboro song.
Instead of "Christ will wash you white as snow."
"For the first time in your life, feel really clean."
Instead of "Believe, and be saved."
"Relief is just a swallow away."
The meek may inherit the earth, but right now
get ready to sell yourself on the personality market.

The inner chant is the chant of advertising.
And the chant for CONSUMER GOODS.

Yet with the increasing reliance on fringe benefits;
Greater and greater expansion of compulsory
governmental social insurance...
The chant is for Financial SECURITY.

And the agonized and confused cries of
the "Beat Generation" indicate that the
chant is essentially
one of emptiness.

The stepchild of science, technology, has destroyed the
operational validity of the Christian Ethics. The structure
of society is no longer moulded and motivated by piety.
The new forces are Greed and Avarice - the love of goods.
And to the philosopher of modern science- the Logical
Empiricist - the intellectual basis for the belief in God
as an extant being has dissolved into nothingness. He
sees no more reason for a belief in the existence of God
than the Easter bunny.

So we are reduced to Goods.
And Security (material)
And a certain
emptiness.

For goods and security do not
fill up the dark and complex inner part of man.
And rationalistic philosophies
do not nourish the soul.

GOD IS DEAD. thus spake Zarathustra.
And these words echo
in full significance
Through a generation of Hollow Men.

"So here we go round the prickly pear
The prickly pear, the prickly pear.
Here we go round the prickly pear,
at 4 o'clock in the morning."

frank s. hook

DEAR LIAR

The first rule in criticism is that an art form may not be judged by criteria pertinent only to another form. It is not very helpful to complain about Shakespeare's sonnet sequence because the characters are weak or because the plot is hazy. Even among spectacles that might loosely be called theatrical -- because they involve actors, footlights, and a box-office -- there is a wide variety of specimens, not all of which can be judged by the same standards. It would be foolish to expect the same effect from a single actor pretending to be Mark Twain doing a stint on a lecture platform, a quartet of actors reading Don Juan in Hell, and a narrator reading a Thurber fable illustrated by cartoons. These performances will all move us in their own ways, and all may, within their own special area of the theatrical, be equally effective. None of them can be called inferior performances because they do not reduce us to the same quivering state that a consummate representation of a great tragedy will. One can like Hamlet better than Oklahoma, and one may even insist that Oedipus is a greater piece of work (because it is a great high tragedy) than Charley's Aunt (because it is only a great farce). But it would be silly to say that Charley's Aunt is an inferior farce because all the nuts from Brazil are not crushed at the end by some divine nut-cracker.

These rudimentary remarks are necessary to clear the way for a consideration of Dear Liar, for in dealing with such a performance it is easy to fall into the critical snare just described. If anyone feels a sense of disappointment after seeing Dear Liar, it is undoubtedly because he has anticipated the same sort of thrill a performance of Saint Joan or Pygmalion might have provided. But though it is obviously unfair to complain because Dear Liar is not something entirely different from itself, it is not easy to define precisely what it

self is. It is not drama because it lacks some of the primary elements of drama. It has a visual setting, but it does not have a scene. It records events, but it does not have a plot. It reveals a relationship between people, but it has no conflict. Without a scene, without action, and without conflict, it is not a drama and cannot provide the effect of drama.

But it does have characters and words, and the delight that comes from enchanting characters and singing words it can be expected to give, and it does give admirably. We see here a side of Shaw that all his voluminous plays and prefaces never revealed, for his mind was far too analytical to allow him much success in depicting men and women in love. I think it fair to say that none of his plays shows a really convincing love affair. Only in his letters did he surrender himself up completely to expression of his emotions. The correspondence with Mrs. Campbell is Shaw's sonnet sequence. But this romance is a very Shavian one after all: full of talk and devoid of sex. A man near the far end of middle age, married and absolutely faithful (even in spirit) to his wife, gives himself up with all the abandon of a high school boy first going steady. Yet the depths of the mature man are constantly revealed. Both extremes of this paradox are viewed by the analytical Shaw, who cannot spare even himself and the woman he idolizes from critical examination.

Mrs. Campbell is far simpler, and it is easy enough to understand the siren air that so captivated her lover. She was beautiful beyond words; she was a brilliant actress; she was intelligent; she was a devoted mother; she was a staunch friend; she was completely alive. In short, she was the sort of woman, I dare say, that most women dream of being; certainly she was the sort of woman most men dream of playing something like GBS to.

On the stage GBS and Mrs. Campbell live before us. We share their exhilaration and their frustration. They age before our eyes: GBS turning into a crickety old gentleman, whose chirp never lost its brightness -- or its dtridence; Mrs.

Campbell into a figure pathetic to those who knew only the once-great actress and were unaware of the strength of spirit that remained until the end. These impressions Mr. Aherne and Miss Cornell can convey to us, but the real stars of the evening are GBS and Mrs. Campbell, for it is the words that make the characters live. Shaw's prefaces reveal him as one of the greatest prose writers in English, but he was not a careful stylist. He had no use for style; Let the man who has nothing to say worry about style, he said; for the man who has something to say, the style will take care of itself. This point of view is implicit on every page of Shaw's work, and the remarkable thing is that the style did pretty much take care of itself. But the correspondence with Mrs. Campbell is quite another matter. Shaw, I am sure, did not concern himself with style in his letters to Stella, but his love gave wings to his words, and he never wrote so well as in these notes often hastily set down at odd moments in a busy schedule. Mrs. Campbell does not come off badly by comparison, as one might have expected she would. Every letter reveals her intelligence, her taste, her warm personality. She had a remarkable gift for happy phrases: "If I could write letters like you, I would write letters to God." "(Sir James Barrie) is a child to whom the gods have whispered."

The words are Shaw's and Stella's, but the rendition belongs to the actors. Dear Liar no doubt tests Miss Cornell and Mr. Aherne more than The Barretts of Wimpole Street would, for just as there is a type of pleasure appropriate to each theatrical form, so is there an appropriate style of performance for each, and exactly the right balance for something that is theatrical without being dramatic is a delicate one. They succeed magnificently. Furthermore, Dear Liar provides some caviare for a full-fed theatre audience. Anyone can play a role badly, but it requires great skill to play a role well and still greater skill to play the role of a great actress playing a role badly. That is the task Miss Cornell faces in two parts of Dear Liar, when scenes from Pygmalion and The Apple Cart are interpolated. The scenes must be done

well enough so that some of the pleasure proper to the play comes through, yet badly enough to suggest that the actress has not mastered the role, and still well enough to give us faith that she will eventually get it right. Satisfying all these requirements simultaneously is enough to challenge the greatest of talents. I am not sure that Miss Cornell quite succeeds with Eliza Doolittle. Eliza is impart a lady, and that Miss Cornell can manage beautifully. But in the famous scene in Dear Liar Eliza has only half emerged from the sluttish cocoon that hides her lady-like nature. It is to Miss Cornell's credit as a woman, though perhaps not as an actress, that she has a little trouble with the sluttishness. I am not confident that Miss Cornell's Stella Campbell would ever have made a very convincing Eliza Doolittle.

Since I prefer steak to caviare, such tours de force always irk me, for, no matter how brilliant the performance, I find myself thinking wistfully, "Ah, if only it were Pygmalion tonight instead of Dear Liar!" The inclusion of these scenes invites the comparison which must not be made, for there is no doubt that the pleasure of Dear Liar, real as it is, is a much tempered pleasure compared to that provided by a superb performance of one of Shaw's great plays.

henry w enberg

DEFINITION

alone

is the opposite of with

means driving into a cave three lives long with no
port authority policemen

means you seek truths which would be yours except
you rejected them years ago

means no love

and no hate because feeling requires with
means heading for death at eight and away from it with
thespeedoffear

means forgetting faces that were twenty feet from you
forever

means telling everyone the things you can't tell yourself

means doing what you hate

because you hate it

means no duties

but to seek duty forever

means hating self because self lacks a with to love

means beating a bed until its groans almost match
your eternal cries.

edward fobburke

THE LADY FROM PEORIA

The lady from Peoria
Shuffles through the Museum
Of Natural History
Complaining of her feet
And pauses to plop
Sighing
Before the paper-mache'
Neanderthal family
Huddled in furs before
Its cellophane fire
In the seventy degree, fifty per cent humidity
Pollen and dust free atmosphere.
She rearranges her hair,
Dowdy blue-grey Miss Clairol,
And fails to see
The glint in his eye.

r l armstrong

LITTLE FOLKS

We played at the house all afternoon:
We ate our lunch at the dolls' tea-table;
I was severe, and you were winning,
Grown-ups as much as we were able.

As parents, too, we were conscientious;
We kept the children well in mind;
You stuck a Band-Aid on a waxen finger,
And I chastised a wax behind.

Now it's getting on towards twilight,
The toys must be put back under cover,
And the family man of half-past-three
Becomes again the distant lover.

WINTER SCENE

The wind at my back promises manslaying
While iron ruts score my undefended feet.
Through the window I can see the white flowers for you,
The blue frock, and the veined arm.

I cannot ignore the wind's ultimatum
Enforced by the meaningless stubs of bare bushes.
How will the form glass dissolve before your hand
To let me in for half an hour?
How will you spring me in green leaves again?

harvey m. backer

CHALEAR

With every night a song of welcome to you, a dream
That lingers only till the dawn. But in that space
Of beating heart and clouded eye, the taste of love
Gleams warm and close.

Like cooing doves, or fauns, all nuzzling near with
Gently soft caress, the words of love.

And with the liquid blanket of this night in which
We lay, filled with passions only we can know,
That like two coals glow brightly together, faltering
When apart. Here words are sighs, as the one
Breath, and mouth to mouth to speak the only sounds,
And writhing, lost to worlds of contest, crying with
The flush of molten anguish, sweetly pressing
Flying through the storm of pulsing blood to heights
Beyond and then beyond, to cruel and tender, as
The births of tempests with a puff of air, and swelling
And relaxing, gathering force with force upon an
Hour of Darkness.

Tumbling down the hills of sunbursts, gales of panting,
Subsiding with a chill and shudder to the ground again.
But there on pillows cold with sweat--and the clock
Ticks and talks of life, and life of waking
Round alone. That two small hands can brush away
My few living hours.

And with the morning glare, I'll kiss my
Faded love goodbye.

marilyn s. miller

AN AFTERTHOUGHT

Oh, do not take from me the quiet night,
Or rob me of those dreams, yet unfulfilled.
Don't twist from me the torturing ache of doubt,
Or soften sweet, small sorrows--once so real.

My house has doors--quite often they are shut.
The rooms are crowded, cluttered--sometimes dark.
On stormy days I'll let you light the lamp
Until my hand can pull the curtain back.

Then--you must leave!

These things are mine (that fierce possessive case).
I crushed that glass of fragile loveliness.
I chose to bleed. It was no other's will.
And there you sit--with passive murmuring nods--
How can you know? You did not feel the pain.
You smashed your glass against a stony wall,
And quite uncaring, blithely left the room
To walk in crowded, dirty, neoned streets.

And so I ask you
Give me back
Those pieces of my soul
I tossed about.

w p keen

THE ADMAN

He had a need which was not love
As lusting, hot;
He felt the fleshy dress
Of Nature's unresisting beauty.

He flashed a picture of his "love"
At dope-dulled friends
Who cheered her charms
And his "cute" bastard in her arms.

THE CASTAWAY

When the phone rang, both of them stiffened and stopped their work, Marielle in the kitchen and Philip in the study. It was always like that. In the quiet the bell seemed unnaturally loud, enough to startle anyone. They counted the rings: there were three; would it go four? No, silence. Oh Lord, it's for us, unless the girl's made another mistake. What now? Has something happened to Pam's baby? Is Aunt Anne back in the hospital? Did we forget to pay the bank this month? Philip leaned over the banisters to listen.

"Everything's fine, and how are you, dear?" he heard. Why didn't she ever call anyone by name? Anyway, it wasn't money, and Marielle's voice went on sounding cheerful and energetic. He started back to his desk.

"Darling?" Now she was calling to him. He returned to the banisters. "When are we going away for your vacation?"

"The twenty-first," he said. "Saturday. Why?"

But she was back at the phone. He started down the stairs; he wouldn't be able to work any more till he knew what it was about.

Marielle called to him again as he reached the living-room. "Would it make any difference if we waited till Monday? So Mother could come here?"

"I don't know why," he said. "We don't have to be anywhere in a hurry. Why is she coming here now?"

At the phone Marielle was now talking about Christmas presents and the parcel post. He waited for her to finish.

"That was Jenny," she said.

"What about your mother?" he asked her. "I thought she was going straight to Jenny's from Portsmouth."

"Well, that's it," said Mariella. "Jenny's been so busy with the school and more coming up on account of the holidays and one thing and another. What she thought was that Mother could come here from Portsmouth for the week-end. That would give Jen a chance to get the kids away and rest up for a couple of days. Mother could go over on Monday morning. It's only if it's all right with you. Jen doesn't want to interfere with any plan of ours."

"Sure it's all right," Philip said. I'll be glad to see her. So will you; you don't have much chance. Now I'm going back to work."

Upstairs he played with a paper-cutter and examined his dull feeling of irritation. Finally he turned back to his desk.

When he returned to the livingroom at ten-thirty, Mariella was sitting on the sofa, surrounded by the admiring gods and trying to sew. It was a pleasant sight. Philip disliked to disturb it, but he felt it would be better to clear the air.

"Look," he said. "About your mother."

He saw Mariella brace herself against the abandonment of the plan. She ought to know, he thought, that I wouldn't do that.

"I want to be careful to get this straight," he went on, "and no misunderstanding. The point is, I like your mother."

"Yes," said Mariella, "But I know she wouldn't want to come if it was going to mean holding us up or anything. If you think we ought to go on Saturday --"

"Wait a minute," he broke in. "We're not going anywhere on Saturday. Your mother can come to this house any day of the year and be welcome. The thing that gets me is Jenny and Kate." He paused.

"Look," he said. "In the ten years we're married your mother hasn't stayed with us ten days altogether. In New York I could see it; there wasn't any room. What about the rest of the time? It's always something. One year Jenny

takes a couple of refugees that she hasn't got time for and your mother has to stay in Concord and look after them. Then she has to go to Stamford and be a housemother all winter because somebody or other broke her hip. Last year she was going to stay with you for three months, only Uncle George died and she had to go down there and fool around till spring."

"That's the way she is," said Mariella. "Mother's always wanting to help people!"

"I know that," Philip said. "I don't mean that it's anybody's fault. I don't know that any of it could be helped. Only this year it's the same way again. So Kate has a baby, and your mother has to go and live in Portsmouth to take care of it."

"It's her first grandchild," said Mariella. "And Kate had an awful time. You know that."

"All right," he said, "but that was in September. Kate's healthy, isn't she, and they have a girl come in by the day. When Pam had hers she had a practical nurse for ten days and that's all there was to it. Is your mother going to take care of the baby until it joins the Girl Scouts?"

"It's different with Kate. She's helping with Joe's book and she has a lot of work of her own."

"If her work's so important, what does she want a baby for? Now she's got a baby, why doesn't she take care of it herself and forget her work? It's not as if they got any money out of it."

"Well, I suppose she does take care of it all she can. I know Mother wrote me that Kate was pretty tired all the time."

"So your mother has to stay there because Kate's tired, but she can't go to Jenny's because Jenny's tired. Where does that get us?"

Philip fidgeted with a box of matches.

"Here's something else I wondered," he said "Why isn't your mother going right along with Kate and spend Christmas in Lincoln?"

"That's different," said Mariella. "There's a lot of Joe's family there, and Kate can have all the help she wants."

"Oh. So as soon as they don't need your mother to take care of the baby for a couple of days, they let her go away for the holiday."

"It's not like that at all. What got you started on this, anyway? I'm sure Mother could go to Lincoln if she wanted to. Only if Kate doesn't need her for a while, she'd like to see the rest of us."

"What would any of them do," said Philip, "if anything ever happened to her? Give up? As far as I can see, she wasn't planning to come and see us at all, as far as that goes."

"You've got no business to say that. I know she wants to come and stay some time. If I ever needed her, she'd come like a shot. But she just feels that she ought to be with Kate."

"All right," said Philip. "I'm glad we're going to have a glimpse of her. But what burns me up is that Kate and Jenny have her around all the time; and the just because she's inconvenient for a couple of days, she's allowed to come here and the Hell with whether it's convenient to us or not."

"I hope you'll feel better about it before she comes," said Mariella. "I'll hate to have Mother know any of this."

"Certainly I'll feel better about it," he said. "Why shouldn't I? I'm not complaining about your mother. I told you I was glad she was coming, didn't I?"

The subject fell flat. Mariella felt vaguely abused. Philip was glad to have cleared his mind, but he regretted that it had seemed needful to do so. He put too much heartiness into a wrangle with the dogs, and Mariella went back to her sewing.

Saturday was grey and windy. Three sparrow huddled in the feeding station over the cellar window. More willow whips had fallen on the grass behind the house, and the rain-gauge had been toppled off its fencepost. Philip could not decide what shoes to wear. In agony he hesitated. Finally he

chose the leather soles; he thought he remembered a pair of rubbers in his closet at the office, in case worts came to worst. Before he was dressed, it was time for breakfast.

"When is she going to let you know about the train?" he asked.

Mariella looked pretty, wearing one of his flannel robes; it went almost twice around her. Her feet were lost in a pair of great wooly slippers.

"Darling, I told you she couldn't tell me," she said. "She didn't know when they were going to start, and she didn't have a timetable anyway. She's going to call me as soon as she gets to Boston and finds out herself."

"It's not very handy for me," he said petulantly. "I may be around there all day. I won't be able to get away from the place. There's nobody to answer the phone on Saturday afternoon."

"I'm sure I ought to hear by two," Mariella said. "I'm awfully sorry, but I don't know what else to do about it."

Returned to the empty office after lunch, Philip restively watched the clock. He would have been happier with work to do, but thanks to the holiday there was nothing that couldn't be put off. He looked unsuccessfully for something appealing to read. Through the window he saw a few flakes of early snow; that would be the next thing, he thought, a blizzard along with everything else. Were the rubbers in the closet after all? He couldn't find them.

He gave himself up to prophecies of doom. Further north it was probably snowing hard. The Actons' car would be stuck, or perhaps they wouldn't bring their precious child out of the house on such a day. And here he was, giving up the whole afternoon to their inconsiderate nonsense. By this time he and Mariella could have been halfway to New York. As it was now, the roads might be hopeless for days. He tried a crossword puzzle without enthusiasm and rejected the notion of writing a letter to someone. Finally he phoned Mariella.

"No, darling," she said; "I haven't heard a thing. I'll let you know the minute she calls. I'm terribly sorry."

Outside the snow was covering the ground. Philip remembered with a twinge that the chains were in the trunk of his car; one tragic element could not be added to the injustice of his position.

It was after five when the phone rang at last. He rose from an uneasy stupor in his swivel-chair and blundered across the dark office, groping for a light.

"I just heard from Mother, Darling," said Mariella's voice. "She just this minute got to Boston."

"Just got there? And when am I supposed to meet her?"

"She missed the train," said Mariella. "She'll be on that one that gets here just before eight. You'd better get something to eat in town. I'll have some coffee for both of you when you get here."

"I might just as well have been home or anywhere else all afternoon. What kind of nonsense is this?" He slammed down the phone and felt remorse immediately after.

Out of doors the snow was thick now. Stepping delicately, Philip approached his car, standing alone in the deep shadow of the building. He hated to put on chains, even when he could see what he was doing. Of course he couldn't get out of sound of the precious telephone! Now he would have to feel his way; the flashlight was at home. He wished he could feel that Mariella had taken it out of the car.

The chains themselves, rusty and snarled, lay at the bottom of a heap of wrenches, jacks, rags, and unnamable objects. Twice he had to carry them to the nearest street-light to be sure he had them straight. In his mounting anger he disregarded his footing, and snow fell into his shoes, melting into chill around his feet. Blasphemously he called the heavens to witness that good Christian folk traveled by day when they could, and planned their journeyings ahead of time; he exasperated himself with the vision of Mariella busy in her kitchen, singing low to herself, cosseting the dogs, thinking happily of something that would please her mother at Sunday's breakfast.

When the car was ready, Philip's feet were soaked, his hands were stiff and sore, and he knew that he had grievously stained his coat. He was all wrath as he drove to the station, wondering at the same time where one found the fortitude to endure truly bitter trial; something like honesty tried to clutch at him, even in his worst moods, but it was usually too easy to fall back upon his yielding sentiment.

In the station restaurant he saw the ruin of his coat, worse than he could have supposed, and he recoiled momentarily from the thought of waiting with his blackened hands. No soap and water, of course. It was misery to sit at the counter, with women on both sides - who were they? cheap trollops, for all you could tell by appearances - and who could blame them if they felt sick at having to look at hands like his on his food, reaching for the salt, unfolding a napkin.

The train was late, but at least Mrs. Lynch was on it. At the sight of her all his mood sank out of sight; it was going to be fun after all. Soon now he would be able to take off his wet shoes and scrub his hands; Mariella would see what could be done about his coat. There would be a lot to do and no need to go to bed early. His mother-in-law was a stimulating presence; it was always good to see her.

"Well," she said after he kissed her, "I'm just as sorry as I can be."

"You mustn't give it a thought," said Philip. "What was the trouble? Mariella didn't seem to have much of an idea."

"My son-in-law Dr. Acton," said Mrs. Lynch, getting into the car, "my son-in-law Dr. Acton is not what I should call a good planner. You wouldn't believe the amount of time we spent getting started. Two blessed hours we were, loading that car and all the baby's things. I could have done it myself in twenty minutes. And my daughter Katharine, though I love her very dearly, is far from the most practical person I know. I certainly understood we'd get away early so that I'd have plenty of time to catch an afternoon train. Poor Phil, I've given you a miserable afternoon; I know it."

"Heaven's sake," he said. "What would I be doing this afternoon? this is a holiday." But the iniquity of the Actons rolled and tumbled in his mind.

It was better when they got home and had the coffee. The house was snug against the storm as no city house could be. Mrs. Lynch was gay and full of talk. Mariella glowed with the pleasure of being with her mother. Philip expanded. Much of his mother-in-law's charm came from the enthusiasm with which she threw herself into other people's interests. It was delightful to entertain her because she would do whatever you wanted to do and she would take cheerful part in it, full of praise for your own accomplishments, however unremarkable they might be. There were new records and new photographs; the puppy to be admired; Mariella's Christmas presents in their boxes upstairs. Nobody even thought of going to bed till long after midnight.

Sunday breakfast was long and ample in that house. Afterward it pleased Philip to sit reading, with an irreligious second cup of coffee before him. The trip for the paper had waked him wide, and he stirred comfortably in his chair. In the kitchen the women amiably clattered the dishes. Paper in hand, he finished his coffee and sauntered out to them with the cup and saucer.

"I don't know whether you had anything in mind," he said to them. "It doesn't look like any more snow, and I thought if you wanted to, we could drive down to Bethel and have supper at the inn and go to the carol service afterwards... We're very proud of our singers this year," he added to Mrs. Lynch.

"Why I think that would be lovely," she cried, "if that's what you'd like to do."

"Indeed," he said. "and we won't have to be bothered with a lot of cooking and dishes and things just before we go away. Now I'm going to finish the paper, and in the course of time I'll go out and shovel the snow. You'd think Mariella would have done that long ago."

Clear in the paths in the afternoon, Philip found himself almost liking the work. The winter was young. In mid-February it would seem to him that he had been shoveling for years, but now the sun was out and the air blue around him. He would take a nap as soon as he was through, and he would order a steak at supper, cost what it might. He leaned the shovel against the shed and went into the house, stamping off the snow as he went.

"Where's your mother?" he asked Mariella.

"Upstairs," she told him. "She's looking up trains."

"She didn't need to do that," said Philip. "I told her we'd put her on the ten-fourteen in the morning. Doesn't she trust me?"

"She's had to change her plans. She has to go today now."

"Ah for heaven's sake," he said. "What's this about?"

"Well," said Mariella, "Jenny called up about half an hour ago, and she wanted to know if Mother couldn't come on there tonight."

Philip waited.

"That woman she has to help her got the flu and had to go to bed. Jenny thought Mother could help her tomorrow with the shopping... Look, darling, don't feel that way. It isn't as if we had any real plans. Jenny said she wouldn't have thought of calling, only she knew we just staying over on Mother's account anyway."

"I might know," said Philip. "Are you sure it's all right for us to take any of our vacation after all? You don't think we should stay here right along in case we can help your family out again?"

"Don't talk so loud," said Mariella. "Mother'll hear you. Let's not have anything happen while she's here. You won't have to worry about it. I'll drive her to the station; you just stay here."

"You're quite right you'll drive her to the station," said Philip. "I've had all of this son and dance I want for a while. I suppose you know there isn't a Sunday train till night?"

Mrs. Lynch came down the stairs.

"Well," she said with spirit, "I don't know, my dears, what you're going to think of me as a guest. I did suppose I'd have a little longer time with you. But," she turned to Philip, "it's been a hard year for Jenny, I know, and if I can be any use to her, I do feel that I ought to be. I don't see any train," she added, "except this one around nine."

"That's the only one left on Sunday," Philip said. "Anyway it'll give us time to have our supper."

"There's another thing," said Mrs. Lynch. "I think you'd just better give up that very kind idea of taking me out. I don't want you to have to rush around all on my account. Why don't we simply eat here and give ourselves plenty of time?"

Philip could summon no resistance. always anxious about trains himself, he felt there would be small comfort for him if he spent the evening looking at his watch and worrying over the condition of the roads.

"Mariella's going to drive you to the train," he said to his mother-in-law after supper. He was not going to draw back from that position. Mrs. Lynch would not object, he knew; she was a good driver herself and made nothing of solitary excursions. "I think I'd better stay and get our things ready for tomorrow."

He could not be at peace with himself, though; he could go along with them to town just as well as not. He did not like Mariella to drive alone at night, whatever her mother thought about it.

Mrs. Lynch went upstairs to her brief packing, and Philip helped Mariella put away the dishes. He was sullen and untalkative. In his irritation he moved hastily and dropped a plate.

"Oh dear," cried Mariella. "Another of the Doulton plates."

Philip was as sorry as she was; he loved the blue and russet of the soft, conventional blossoms. The fragments on the floor troubled his heart.

"I don't suppose we can get another," said Mariella, coming back with the dustpan. "When Aunt Louise gave them to me--"

"Oh shut up," Philip shouted. "You and your damned family."

He strode out of the kitchen and flung himself into a chair in the livingroom. When Mrs. Lynch was ready to leave, a few minutes later, it was all he could do to carry off their parting with decant grace.

Left to himself, he found no consolation in his books or his music. He considered a long-delayed project of rearranging the attic. He might pack, but he'd better wait; Mariella always had to put some of her things in with his. He talked to the dogs but had no will to play with them; they would have helped him if they could.

Over and over he turned it and tried to see where he was wrong. It wasn't fair that he should be the one to suffer when he was the only one of them that had been acting half-rationally. Yet here he sat, feeling like a mongrel, while the rest of them were blithely unconcerned with their behavior. Except Mariella, of course; he remembered the look she wore as she left the house; not angry nor hurt, but tired, as if she could sleep a week... A chill struck him, and he thought of the furnace. There at least was something he must attend to. He went glumly down the stairs; bruising his head on the low rafter, he had nothing to say, even under his breath.

When the fire was fed, he went idly to the cellar window, where the rat-trap waited, and looked through.

"Ah God!" he cried to what he saw, and the pang went all through him till his heart pounded in his chest.

The sparrow's wings were spread as in flight. Had she felt for one awful moment, he tormented himself, the menace of the engine she had sprung? Down on her foolish, frail head; and now this pitiful, ruffled gray body, stiffened by the winter air into its last, hopeful, despairing effort... It was he himself who brought the birds there, feeding them from the diningroom window, always walking quietly inside, not to disturb

them if he could help it. When the trap sprang, some of them were probably busy with their grain not a yard above it. It was too much to think of.

Philip held the body in his hand. What was he to do? He couldn't bury it in the flinty ground; he couldn't throw it out with trash. Finally he laid it on the bricks. In the morning he'd think of something.

Upstairs he felt that if anyone had been with him he would have cried like a child and been better for it. He looked at the clock. Mariella should be home soon; should have been home already, for that matter. The driving, he supposed, was still pretty bad. He sat quietly, leaning over the table. He would have gone to bed if he hadn't been afraid of going upstairs by himself.

ELI SCHWARTZ, a finance professor, ably demonstrates the versatility of the business school craniums... JANE S LIECHTY provides ENDOR with a steady stream of excellent writing... JACK R RUHF, a wandering English major spends much of his time arranging music... HENRY W ENBERG may seldom be found in class: he is either playing bridge in the Price hall tournament or discussing his right-wing political convictions... DAVID M GREENE, beloved of English 1 and 2 students and noted for his reading of "Facade" is making his first contribution to ENDOR with a parody on "Three Blind Mice"... RON LEVIN sinned as an engineer, did penance in the Marine Corps, and found salvation as an English major... WILLIAM A COOK, one of the English department's graduate assistants has shown another facet of his talent in this issue by illustrating his poem "Faustus"... SAM MILLER, a Call-Chronicle photographer gives much of his time to this publication as copy editor when not squinting through his viewfinder... JERRY HEDGES ponders original sin while growing a beard for "Outcasts of Poker Flats"... BRIAN SKYRMS, iconoclast in general presented his "Thoughts", published here for the first time, at one of his many debate tournaments... EDWARD F BURKE, never found without his tweeds, owns stock in Tom Bass' Tiger Hall... R L ARMSTRONG, Rhodes scholar at Oxford, authority in 17th century English literature, hates chain saws with a passion and is reputed never to have worn a plain white shirt... HARVEY M BACKER has spent his recent years as a voyeur of life in New York (MacDougal St. to 5th Ave.) and is publishing a book of poetry later this year... MARILYN S MILLER is one of the few, if not the only English graduate student who wears a skirt well... W P KEEN, a graduate assistant last year, teaching at LSU this year, sent his poem by way of interstate mail to the English dept. and interdepartmental mail to ENDOR... ROBERT HANSEN no doubt fell into his "Cask of Brandy" while photographing a floating bond... FRANK S HOOK, the English department's authority on Shakespeare used his Richard III wit in commenting on the Shavian wit of "Dear Liar"... JONATHAN B ELKUS is horribly proud of both his new sports car and his new opera... ROSS CHAPPLE, ENDOR chairman, thinks the world is "a great big dirty place."

Due to the unexpected amount of excellent material for this, the second issue of ENDOR, we have found it necessary to hold some of the contributions for the next edition. Nevertheless, ENDOR is always in need of new thoughts and techniques of presenting them. Please address contributions and inquiries to:

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